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Mothers' Day

BY MARJORIE DILLON

THE birds began so early
 Their chorus of good cheer;
 A special Sunday concert—
 The theme was "Mother Dear."

The bees were all a-humming,
 As if they felt so gay,
 And sipped a toast in honey
 To honor Mothers' Day.

The posies swayed and nodded;
 They know about it too;
 The sunbeams smiled their brightest,
 The sky was clear and blue.

With bird and bee and blossom,
 This bonny, blithsome day,
 We children gladly greet her—
 Our Mother, Queen of May!



The Burrs in Bobolink Lane

BY MABEL S. MERRILL

In Five Chapters.

Chapter Two

LUTE and Calla came hurrying to see what their small cousin had found in that cellar. Bumble was holding in his little smutty hand a thin, shining ring that looked like silver.

"Tisn't silver, though; feel how light it is." Lute held it up between thumb and finger. "This can't be the treasure that fellow was hunting on his hands and knees in that old pile of dirt."

Bumble began to look disappointed at this and Calla promptly came to the rescue.

"How do we know it isn't? Halbert Reed said that if we found anything worth two cents to send it to him. So let's do it. I don't know what this little bit of a ring is for, but maybe he has some use for it. Anyhow, it wouldn't do a bit of harm to put it in a letter and mail it to him."

Bumble was so pleased at this that Calla wrote the letter as soon as they had driven the calves home and got them into the orchard. Lute stood by and made fun of her as she sat scribbling on a stone in the lane, but he went to the house to get a stamp out of his box and some soft paper to wrap up the ring. They mailed it in the R. F. D. box at the foot of the lane and they were wait-

"Bumble was holding in his little smutty hand a thin shining ring that looked like silver."

Drawing by D. M. Blakely

ing there next day when the postman came along in his covered cart.

They had had very few letters since they came to Bobolink Lane; once in a while there was a little note from Aunt Eda or their cousin, Star Hillman, at Seaforth. But this morning there was what Lute called a man-size envelope with printing up in one corner:

Seaforth County Junior Bird Club
 Halbert Reed, President.

"It's directed to you, Calla, and there's a bunch in the middle of it as if he had sent back that ring. Probably he didn't think it was worth so much as two cents," teased Lute.

Calla pinched the end off the envelope so as to save breaking the pretty blue-bird seal that was stuck over the flap. This is what the president of the junior bird club had written:

Dear Miss Calla:

Tell the little chap he was all right, and no mistake, to hand over what he thought was my property. But the ring isn't mine. It is a leg band for a hen or some other fowl. Likely as not, one of your own fat biddies lost it off her leg while she was prospecting around that old cellar. Anyhow, I'm returning it, and now that I know what trusty young-

sters you are I'm going to tell you more about the thing I was really hunting for up there in that pile of dirt. It is a small iron strong-box that will look pretty rusty by this time. It was left in the cellar when the house was moved away,— Captain Pinkham's house that used to stand where the old cellar is, you know. He forgot all about it then, but remembered it years afterwards and he has told me I could have it if I could find it. He always kept it in a little cubby-hole near the chimney; that's why I was digging in that part of the cellar. The box contains something that would mean a lot to me, so if you find it you will have done a big favor for

Your friend,
 Halbert Reed.

"There now!" exulted Calla, "I'm glad I wrote that letter even if he did laugh because we sent him a hen's leg band. He saw that we were trying to help and he's taken us right in as partners."

They gave the "silver ring" to Grandma Burr and she laughed at the idea of their not knowing what leg bands for poultry were. Then she reached for her spectacles and examined the ring closely.

"Mercy me," she exclaimed, "it's Sally's leg band! Don't you remember the big

bronze turkey you admired so much when you first came? Well, she has been missing for weeks and I thought she had stolen her nest under the barn. But if she went up around that old cellar in the woods a fox must have got her by this time."

"Maybe not," cried Lute. "We'll go right up and look for her, Gran. The cellar is full of brush and rubbish and she could hide there so you'd never think she could be around. Anyway, if she's dead we can find her feathers, then we'll know."

They lost no time in reaching the old cellar which was solid full of rubbish in the end opposite where Halbert had been digging. Lute's quick ear caught a soft little sound as they stood listening and he went quietly worming his way into those heaps of brush and dead vines. Calla and Bumble and Lion stood waiting outside, the little dog with his brown, silky head tilted and his ears lifted as if he were listening. Lute had taken a basket with him and presently his heels appeared backing out again very slowly, for the basket which he was holding in front of him was full of baby turkeys. Close after him came the big bronze mother bird, looking rather fierce. Lute's hand was bleeding from one rough peck she had given him as he was picking up those little ones. But Sally had always been a pet, and after a moment she seemed to understand that they were not going to harm her babies. She followed anxiously at their heels as they went down the lane.

Gran saw them coming and rushed out to help, leaving her ginger cookies in the oven to burn up if they liked, while she got Sally and her brood safe into a small snug house inside the fence of the poultry yard.

"There, Sally, no old fox can get you now," cried Calla. "Don't you feel as if that cellar is the most interesting place around here, Lute? What if we go right back this minute and hunt for the box?"

Lute was ready enough and Gran gave them that whole batch of ginger cookies which were only a little scorched. They spent three hard hours digging in the cellar for the mysterious box which would mean so much to their friend Halbert. But they found nothing at all except smutty, broken bricks and sand. Lute declared at last that he knew the box couldn't be there; somebody must have found it and carried it off. They looked for it the next day and the next, but they were fast losing hope.

"I kept thinking Halbert Reed would write again or come over to see how we were getting on," sighed Calla. "I wrote him a nice note about finding the turkey. I'm pretty sure he would have answered it if he had got it. I guess he has gone away somewhere and forgotten all about us."

Calla would hardly have expected an answer to her note if she had known that

she had carefully put on "128 Blueberry Avenue" and forgotten to add "Seaforth."

"Bobolink Lane is getting to be almost as dull as it was when we first came," declared Lute one morning, "but I know what would wake us up. We've never been to Seaforth since we were little shavers. Star and Aunt Eda are all the time writing letters and asking us to come over and stay all night because Star has to be alone so much. Why don't we ask Gran about it, Calla?"

They brightened up at this idea and there was great excitement when Gran said they could go. It was twelve miles to Seaforth and a car went every hour along the highway that ran past the foot of the lane. Gran walked down to the car with them and Flick and Flash looked through the orchard bars as if they were thinking what mischief they could get into while their guardians were away. The bobolinks were singing, one by one, and then all together, like a chime of bells.

"Remember I can't spare you for more than one night," called Gran, as they took their seats in the car.

It was a hot day and they enjoyed every minute of the cool ride to Seaforth. They got off at Ocean View Street, which was where Aunt Eda lived. A lovely street it was, with houses only on one side and all their windows looking straight out to sea. But the Burrs hardly glanced at it, for, on a building at the mouth of a shady cross street was a sign which read "Blueberry Avenue."

"There, Lute Burr," exclaimed Calla, "the first time you ever heard that name you wondered whether there was any such street—as much as to say that the 'Hottentot' made it up."

"Well, I give in that he didn't," returned Lute, "but I think it's a funny name for a street, all the same. What's to hinder our going down it a bit and seeing if we can get our eye on a door labelled 128? The even numbers are on this side."

Calla agreed, since Aunt Eda wasn't expecting them on any particular car. They walked down Blueberry Avenue, liking it better at every step. The houses were big and old-fashioned and shaded with great trees that met in an arch over the narrow street. Every house had a deep garden behind it with a pretty flower-bordered walk leading around from the front.

"Here's a house with a big bird-bath back in the garden and little houses in all the trees," remarked Lute presently. "There goes a bluebird this minute and I can hear an oriole over in the shrubbery. This must be where the president of the bird club lives."

Sure enough, there was the number on the door and the name Reed on the door-plate. Lute pointed it out and then he looked sidewise at Calla.

"I suppose you're going up the steps and ring the bell and ask for our friend, Mr. Halbert Reed?" he hinted slyly.

"You know I'd never dare," whispered Calla, "but oh, how I wish I did! Couldn't you do it yourself, Lute Burr? You're a boy and you ought to have lots of courage."

Lute backed away from the foot of the steps and shook his head. "I haven't courage enough to go poking around where I've never been invited," he explained, adding in fun, "Let Bumble do it. He's so little he doesn't know enough to be scared."

"All right," cried Bumble cheerfully. "I'll tell him I've brought Lion to see him."

The small boy and dog were up the steps before the older ones could say a word. Lion barked in surprise as the old-fashioned bell pealed through the house. Calla's cheeks were red as poppies and Lute looked as if he wanted to run away, but they all stood their ground and waited for an answer to their ring. It seemed a long time in coming and they were just making up their minds to go away when a voice in the street behind them said, as if to itself:

"If these are the Burrs from Bobolink Lane what are they doing here?"

(To be continued)

I Have a Poem for You

BY RALPH PARKER BISHOP

I HAVE a poem for you, Mother, Made out of all the beautiful things That would make you happy:

It is made of the flowers of love, And is shaped like dreams—

Would the music of its words make you happy

While you are in slumberland?

Mother's Day Before

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON

SATURDAY with mother away? Who ever heard of such a thing?

Why, with baking and cleaning, and Lela's music lesson, and the boys to keep straight—a career in itself—the prospect was a real calamity to Kathleen. Mother might go shopping on Monday; she could even attend her church Circle on Friday without disturbing the solar system. But a motherless Saturday—

"I can't go, yet I must," mother Murray was saying to herself in a tone of uncertainty as strange as everything else that muddled May morning. "It means so much to poor Aunt Elizabeth, and I told her only last week that if her rheumatism grew worse and she needed me in the tea shop, I would come and help out. Saturday is her busiest day, and I can be cashier and oversee the girls." Her uncertainty had vanished and in her usual firm tone she ended, "So I'm going."

Something akin to a groan escaped Kathleen, who, being the oldest, occupied something of the position of vice-president. The responsibilities of the house,

including Lela, Johnnie and Jamie, would devolve upon her. "I know just how Hercules felt when Atlas dumped the earth on him," Kathleen reflected soberly as she listened dazedly to her mother.

"The cake is nearly ready to come out of the oven, and you can ice it as well as I could." Mrs. Murray was donning her second best suit and assembling gloves, hat and umbrella for, to add to the general gloom, a steady rain was falling. "We'll have muffins instead of rolls tomorrow. Was that the roof falling in? No, it's only the boys romping in the attic. Poor dears! They were so disappointed over the picnic."

Kathleen was privately certain that her disappointment over the postponed event was infinitely greater now. If the noisy J's could have spent the day with their class in the park, per schedule, her troubles would have been lightened fifty per cent.

"I'll speak to them," consoled her mother, reading her mind plainly. "They'll be good, dear. Don't take their antics to heart. They're just boys. I do wish for your sake, though, that it wasn't raining."

Kathleen made a supreme effort to rise to the emergency. "We'll manage, mummy," she said bravely. "So don't worry about fire, water or earth-quakes here. You'll have your hands full. I'll do the cleaning we planned, and Lela can dust and help after her lesson."

"That's a good daughter," Mrs. Murray dropped a hasty kiss on Kathleen's serious face. "Use your own judgment if anything comes up. Oh, dear, there comes the car! Tell the boys. I know you'll manage swimmingly," she laughed at her own jest as she opened the door to view the downpour into which she hurried, calling back, "I really need a boat instead of a car!"

Kathleen dropped down on the stairs by way of starting with something solid. Familiar voices came from above.

"I'll tell mother, I will! It was my turn, John Henry Murray, and you hogged it—"

"Didn't we decide to get both legs over the trunk at a jump, or count it a miss? And you went over like a hippot'mus with a wooden leg—"

The arguing pair spied sister Kathleen unexpectedly camped below. She always fussed when they descended by way of sliding down the banisters, which method any broad-minded person would see was a time saver.

"Where's mother?" "What you sittin' there for?" "Is the cake done? 'Cause we got to scrape the pan." "Why can't we picnic if it's raining?" Differences were forgotten. It was not raining rain so much as question marks. Kathleen replied patiently after a dash for the kitchen to rescue a well-done cake from the oven.

"Mother's helping Aunt Elizabeth today. Miss Stevens telephoned the picnic would be postponed till next Saturday."

"But what if it rains s'more then?" from an unresigned Jamie.



"Come on!"
 "Come on," call Betsy, Nan and Kate.
 "Let's build playhouses by the gate.
 Let's see who builds the biggest one!
 Come on! Let's have a lot of fun!
 "Come on!"

"Come on!"
 "Let's play tag! Let's play school --
 I'll be Duncie on a stool!
 Let's play hopscotch! Let's play ball!
 Let's play mother -- best of all!"
 "Come on!"



"Here's the pan and if you'll be real nice and help sister, you may have the icing pan later. Besides," the round astonished eyes made Kathleen reckless, "maybe there'll be a surprise for you."

"A s'prise! Jiggers!" Johnnie became a human tadpole on the spot.

"What kind? Eats? What letter does it begin with?" Jamie's constant thirst for information always drove Kathleen frantic.

"Another question, no surprise," she said firmly as she measured the sugar and put the chocolate to melt. "Take these hammers. You may be carpenters in the basement. Daddy can spare some kindling and nails. Now skip."

Careless Lela came dripping in from her lesson and, forgetting muddy rubbers, tracked up the clean hall.

"Now you can just mop up every speck!" scolded Kathleen before she remembered that in mother's place she must draw further on her scanty stock of patience. Quickly she added apologetically, "I cut my finger, and the old icing won't ice, it's all squishy. Every woman in Park Hill has called up mother, so the beds aren't made." A wild glance at the unfeeling clock. "And it's noon. I promised the boys a surprise and I meant to let them picnic downstairs."

Lela was all sympathy at once. "I'm a fine first aider and I'll bandage your finger. Let me make the sandwiches," she begged. "I made a hit with them in Domestic Science class this week. And I'll make the beds after a while. I promised to go to Vivian's to bead our camp-fire head-bands, but I can stop Monday after school."

"I was due at Betty's for a meeting myself," confided Kathleen with a regretful sigh. "Something about a special service tomorrow. Betty was secretive about it."

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Lela as she sliced bread daintily thin. "There's an extra program at Sunday School. Your throat was sore last Sunday and you missed. Let's see if I can say my verse." Fixing her eyes on the ceiling and buttering bread by faith, she recited uncertainly:

"Mother is an older little playmate who'll befriend me—

Yesteryear she traveled in the path that's mine today!

Never need I fear a foe from which she might defend me—

Faithful little pal who ran ahead and learned the way."

"Why, then it's Mothers' Day!" Kathleen cried in amazement.

"Of course! And don't breathe it, but I heard Betty tell Charlotte that your class was to give out carnations and usher. There's to be a special sermon."

Kathleen's cheeks were pink as Killarney roses. Something tense and hard in her seemed to dissolve in a wave of warmth. Shouldering the home burdens for one day was such an absurdly small thing to do for mother whose daily life was made up of loving selfless service to them all. A lilt of cheer that had been missing, sang in her voice as she called the energetic carpenters.

"The surprise is ready, boys! When you get to the top of the stairs, shut your eyes," she told them gaily. "Now hold all I give you!"

"We'll hold it all right!" Jamie assured her after a rapturous peek. There were cunning kite-shaped sandwiches, stuffed eggs, jam on wafers and bananas.

"I'm holler to my left heel! Goody, we got a picnic if it is raining cats and kittens!" Johnnie's gratitude struggled for further expression. "Say, Kathie, after a while I'll ride the vacu-lum for you. I'd as lief as not."

"You may sweep the bedrooms for me." Kathie smiled her appreciation of the favor. Johnnie, astride the vacuum sweeper enjoyed playing he was a cowboy breaking in a wild pony.

"Well, I'll ride the mop then," put in Jamie, disgusted that he had not spoken first for the satisfactory noisy vacu-lum.

Somehow the household wrinkles smoothed out under the magic of united effort and good humor; and just as the clouds lifted and Apollo shot his belated golden arrows earthward, here came daddy Murray two hours early! Four youngsters with a single thought expressed in four strong voices surrounded



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of The Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

EAST PEPPERELL, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck: I have been a member of the Beacon Club for a long time. I thought I would write as I should like to have other members of the Club write to me.

We are having a great deal of snow here this winter and it is so blustering and cold today that we did not have any school.

I am very much interested in the Beacon paper. I think the stories are very interesting, also the enigmas. The letters interest me a lot and I am corresponding with five girls now who are Beacon members. I hope some girls from the West will write to me. I am 15 years old and am a Freshman in High School. I am a Girl Scout, too. I also belong to the Community Church of Pepperell.

Hoping some other girls will write to me, I remain always

Your reader,

RUTH A. PITMAN.

6 LAKE AVENUE,
WEST CONCORD, N. H.

Dear Miss Buck: When I was sixteen months old I was christened in the Unitarian church, Needham, Mass., by the Rev. Arthur W. Littlefield.

him, and out of the medley, boyish daddy gathered all the important facts.

"Well, well! I'm glad you discovered it in time." He made that magic motion pocketward that always thrilled the boys. Out came jingling coins. "You J-birds hipper down to Holland's and get the finest carnations he has. I guess it's mother's turn for a surprise."

"Kathie and I can get supper all but the coffee and biscuits," Lela was spinning about like a human top.

"Huh! Have you forgotten my laurels as camp cook when my figure was thin and my hair curly, instead of the reverse? I can make as fine coffee and cornbread as ever came out of a kitchen!" boasted her father confidently. "Call me a half hour before time. Mother's to leave the shop at six. How is that?"

"The head girl is to relieve her. Things are slow after five," Kathleen explained.

Coming downstairs shortly after in his beloved but disreputable overalls, daddy Murray waved a screw driver and a wrench hopefully. "Going to fix the old boat at last so mother can ride in state tomorrow," he declared. "That will be a surprise that only a strong heart could stand."

"I'll set the table now. Clean table cloth, Haviland and everything," decided Lela as the J's came flying back, bearing a fragrant burden. "Oh, just smell, Kathie; aren't they sweet? They remind me of mother."

About six-thirty mother Murray, tired after her long day, and flurried at thought of her famished, neglected family, opened the door to unexpected sights and odors.

When I was old enough to go to Sunday School we moved to Fitchburg, Mass., where my father died and is buried beside my little cousin, Richard Goodwin Parks. He was a member of the Unitarian Church in Fitchburg. Then Mother and I moved to Concord, N. H. and I am a member of the Unitarian church school here and go regularly. My mother re-married and I have a very dear little sister named Barbara Richardson. She was christened a year ago. We have a fine Sunday School; the superintendent's name is Mrs. Nancy Knowlton. I should like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I am ten years old.

Sincerely,

DANA CRAWFORD BOGART.

NORTH EASTON, MASS.

My dear Miss Buck: I am a boy twelve years old and go to the Unity Church Sunday School. The boys of our class asked me if I would write you a letter, as we all want to belong to the Beacon Club. Our minister's name is Rev. Mr. Lewis and he is also the superintendent of our Sunday school. Our teacher is Mr. Stevens and he is also our pianist. Here are the names of the boys of our class: Eldon Tufts, Kenneth Tufts, Donald Bellows, George Craig, Jack Clark, Arthur Smith, Ernest Smith, Albert Owens, Edwin Gilmore, Randall Johnson and myself.

Yours sincerely,

RALPH HARRIS.

"How good it smells!" she cried as the boys hurled themselves on her, an enthusiastic reception committee. "The table set? And posies? What does it mean?" Heading kitchenward she was restrained by a flushed, beaming husband in a checked apron, decorated with cornmeal and a dab of lard.

"No fair!" he warned playfully. "Just take your things off, madam, and make yourself at home."

For a minute mother was speechless. She rubbed her eyes. "I must be beside myself. I got so dizzy making change," she murmured in perplexity. "It isn't my birthday, so why—"

"It's your day before!" came a duet from the bustling boys.

"Day before what?" demanded their mother, sitting down to puzzle in comfort.

"Well, it does seem as if all good mothers should have at least one day out of three hundred and sixty-five," daddy called from the kitchen as he tested the coffee. Then Jamie surprised them. It had just dawned on him that the song they had been learning at school was as much a part of this happy occasion as the fringe-petaled flowers. Jamie did nothing in pianissimo fashion. He opened his mouth like a hungry young pelican and loudly and with marked effect came the words that crowned mother's surprise:

"Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,

Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;

Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,

But only one mother the wide world over!"

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXI.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 8, 2, 9, 6, 5, is a sacred cup.
My 15, 12, 11, 14, 10, 11, is a place near a city.
My 13, 10, 3, 4, 1, is a word used when we speak of a person's character.
My 5, 3, 6, 2, is the den of a wild animal.
My 7 is a consonant.
My whole is a spring flower.

M. W. S.

ENIGMA LXII.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 8, 17, 14, means still to come.
My 9, 16, 12, means to bring.
My 4, 10, 8, is a boy's name.
My 11, 5, 2, 11, is something done.
My 6, 5, 3, 4, is the back part.
My 15, 8, 7, 1, is a kind of song.
My 13, 15, is an exclamation.
My whole is a well known hymn.

RUTH WELLMAN.

BEHEADINGS.

The words which are to be beheaded if written in order will by their initial letters, spell the name of a prominent Bible character.

Behead *aside*, or *separated*, and get a *portion*.
Behead a *useful household article* and get a *part of the house*.

Behead *to extend*, to *grasp for*, and get *everyone*.
Behead *the space between seats or pews* and get *on island*.

Behead *divisions of the day* and get *belonging to us*.

Behead *once more* and get *profit*.
Behead *bread of Heaven* and get a *girl's name*.

In the same manner as above, find the words the initials of which spell the son of the Bible character in No. 1.

Behead a *Russian given name* and get a *large wagon*, or a *foremost place*.

Behead *games* and get *places for ships to enter*.
Behead *away from home* and get *wide*.

Behead *about*, or *near by*, and get *circular*.
Behead *selected* and get *stockings*.

A. E. C.

A BIRTHDAY GIFT

Bobby had a birthday last week, and the first and last letters of these words will tell you what Uncle Jack gave him. Each word contains six letters.

A tree.
A country in Europe.
To demand.
Air disturbance.
An excavation.

The Target.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 29.

ENIGMA LVII.—Virginia, Minnesota.

ENIGMA LVIII.—Ludwig Beethoven.

BEHEADINGS.—1. Lash. 2. Land. 3. Fear. 4. Helm. 5. Crest. 6. Peel. 7. Reach. 8. Weight.

HIDDEN BIRDS.—1. Tern. 2. Emu. 3. Bittern. 4. Starling. 5. Pelican. 6. Kingfisher. 7. Linnet. 8. Goose. 9. Ostrich. 10. Hawk.

PRINTER'S PL.—
"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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